

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 18.]

DECEMBER, 1857.

[PRICE 1½d.]

THE GOOD DEED REWARDED.

A WINTER STORY.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

It was a stormy evening, and in one of the wild, desolate valleys of the Highlands three men were walking quickly that they might reach a shelter before the storm burst upon them in all its fury. They had traveled thirty miles that day, and the house at which they were to pass the night was still ten miles distant. The wind howled among the cliffs of the valley, and the flakes of snow began to beat in their faces.

"It will be a terrible night, lads, in the Moray Firth," said the foremost traveller, a strong shouldered, broad-chested man; "but what is that?" said he, pointing to a little figure by the side of the road.

The figure arose, and came to meet them. Slow and feeble were the steps, and as he approached, they saw that it was a boy of about ten years of age.

"O, my puir boy!" said Sandy Wright, "what can hae taken you here in a night like this?"

The boy told him that his mother had died and left him alone, and that he was going to Edinburgh to seek his friends.

"But," added he, sorrowfully, "I am tired and canna walk further, and I'll be lost, I'm feared, in the cold drift."

"That ye winna, my puir bairn, if I can help it," said the good boatman; and taking the boy's hand, he told him to lean upon him. But the boy was too much exhausted to walk, though aided by the strong arm of his new friend, who, finding his efforts vain, carried him on his back.

The storm burst upon them in its fury; and half blinded by the thick snow, the travellers had to grope along the road and through the snow drifts, which were blown

by the fierce wind across their path. Still the brave boatman pressed on with his burden, though his companions, without such a load, were almost worn out; and after many a fall, and stumble, and groan, they arrived two hours after dark at the house where they were to spend the night.

There was an immense peat fire placed according to the custom of the country, in the room, and the inmates were seated around it. They made way for the travellers, and Sandy Wright, unmindful of his own tired limbs, drew near the fire and began to chafe the hands and feet of the boy, who was almost insensible from the cold and fatigue. When life and warmth were restored to his frozen limbs, he shared with his little charge his supper and bed, and took him on his journey the next morning, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his companions.

The little fellow told his simple story.

His mother was a poor widow, who had supported herself and her only child by sewing. When he was only six years old he had shown a love for reading, and his mother worked early and late to keep him at school. She was but eighteen years older than her son; and often would she stop in the middle of her work, and laying her hands on her breast, ask him what he would do when she was dead? for her failing strength told her the day was not far distant. Her fingers grew white and small, and she could not sit up as before; but when her son looked at the deepened red of her cheek, he thought she would not die.

One day, when he brought home the first prize from school, she threw her arms around him, while, with tears in her eyes, she told him that the time would come when his father's grand friends, who were ashamed of her because she was poor, would be proud to be connected with him.

The mother's faith was strong in her heart. The lad could not go to school, but staid by her bedside; and they would have starved but for a poor neighboring woman, who had but little to spare herself. He read to her every day two chapters in the Bible. One day when she was very ill, and two of her neighbors had come to take care of her, she called the boy to her bedside, and told him that, when she was dead, he must go to Edinburgh, for he had friends nowhere else. Her own friends were there, but they were too proud to do much for him; and his father's friends were there, but they were too grand to own her. But she told him not to be afraid by the way, for the good God knew all about him. And then, after a fond parting kiss, and a burst of sorrow, she bade him go to school.

When he came home he found her laying with a white cloth on her face and the bed all white. The poor boy cried all night; and now that she was buried out of his sight, he was travelling to Edinburgh as she had told him to do; and folks were kind to him, just as his mother said they would be. And he had letters to show him the way to his mother's friends when he reached town; for he could read writing.

And God had put it into the heart of Sandy Wright to be kind to the poor orphan. He was like a father to him during his journey; he shared with him his bed, and carried him on his back when the lad was too tired to walk.

On reaching the Queen's Ferry, Sandy Wright found that his money was almost gone, and he intended to get the boy across without the usual fare; when the boat reached the middle of the ferry, the gruff-looking ferryman began to collect the fare—passing by the passengers one by one until he stood in front of the boy.

"Dinna stop before the boy," cried Sandy Wright; "he is a puir orphan—here is my groat."

The ferryman still held out his hand; and Sandy told him that they had found him in a desolate glen, bewildered by the storm; and they were taken him to his friends in Edinburgh, and that he ought not to grudge him his passage.

The ferryman without answering, took off his cap; but Sandy Wright twisted it

out of his hand, telling him to take care—that they did not know what would become of themselves or their own bairns. But the ferryman, saying he would have his fare or the fare's worth, if it was his jacket, laid hold of the boy, who began to cry. Then rose up Sandy Wright, and seizing the ferryman in his powerful grasp, told him not to touch the puir thing, crying, "shame on ye, man!" and the cry of "shame! shame!" was echoed by the other passengers, and the surly ferryman gave up the point.

On landing, Sandy Wright told the boy that he had some business to do at the custom-house, and some money to get, but that he would first try to find out his friends for him, and that he must look into his letters and see in which street they lived.

The boy untied his bundle, which contained a few shirts and stockings, a parcel of papers, and a small box; and said that his mother charged him to keep the papers safely, for they told of her marriage; and in that box was her wedding ring. She could, he added, have got money for it when she was sick and not able to work; but she would have starved sooner than part with it, "and I would na' like to part wi' it to any body but your sel', but if ye would take it;" and opening the box he gave it to the boatman. It was a valuable diamond ring; and Sandy Wright, returning it to him, told him not to part with it to anybody on any account.

He found the direction in one of the letters, and in a few minutes they were walking up Grass Market. Suddenly the boy sprang to meet a young woman who was passing, and in whom he recognised his mother's sister. She knew him and warmly embraced him; and having been introduced to the brave, kind friend of the boy, she told him of his parentage and prospect. His father was a young man of good family, but estranged from his friends by a vicious course of life. He married a poor but virtuous and industrious woman, who was worthy of a better husband. Giving himself up to intemperate habits, he sunk into poverty and contempt; and in this midst of wretchedness which would have been greater but for the efforts of his wife, he was attacked by a fever, of which he died. Two of his brothers, who were lawyers, had recently inquired about the

child; and, would probably interest themselves in his behalf. The good boatman now bade farewell to the lad, slipping him his groat, which he said was better in his pocket than in that of the gruff ferryman.

Eighteen years passed away before Sandy Wright again visited Edinburgh. He had left it a strong, powerful man of forty-seven; he returned to it a gray-haired old man of sixty-five. Troubles, too, had come with his gray hairs, his son, a brave young fellow, who had risen from the humblest post on deck, till he was lieutenant, had sailed upon an expedition from which he never returned; and the poor old boatman, when about to retire on a pension to which he was entitled for his long service at the Custom House, was dismissed without a shilling, on a charge of having connived at the escape of a smuggler. He had travelled a weary two hundred miles, with the hope that an inferior clerk might use his influence in his behalf. The clerk, who had given him but little encouragement, had appointed to meet him at Brown Square. Two hours after the appointed time had passed, and weary and sorrowful, Sandy Wright passed the street, watching and waiting for his friend, who came not; when a gentleman, who had passed him quickly, abruptly paused, and retracing his steps, fixed his eyes steadfastly upon the old man.

"My name, sir, is Sandy Wright," said the boatman, touching his cap.

"My good, kind friend," exclaimed the stranger, his face glowing with pleasure, as he grasped the old man's hand, "often, often have I enquired for you, but no one could tell me where you were, or whether you were living or dead. Come with me to my house in the next square. What! not remember me? It will be ill with me, when I cease to remember you! I am Hamilton, an advocate: but you will scarcely know me as that."

The astonished boatman accompanied his new friend to an elegant house in Brown Square, where in a handsome parlor he saw a young lady reading.

"Who of all the world have I found," said the gentleman, "but good Sandy Wright, the kind, brave man, who rescued me from perishing in the snow, and who

was a kind friend to me when I had no friends."

With a kind smile the lady held out her hand, and assuring him that her husband had frequently spoken of his kindness, and regretted that he had no opportunity of acknowledging it.

The poor little orphan had been kindly cared for; by his diligence in study and virtuous conduct, he had rewarded their care, and secured for himself an honorable position. And now not with words only did he show his sense of that compassion, which had not passed by on the other side and left him helpless and perishing, but had succoured him when he was ready to die. He inquired into the charges made against the boatman, and finding that they were not very serious, he invited him to spend a few weeks at his house, till he could see what could be done for him. The weeks passed slowly, though he had an interested auditor in Mrs. Hamilton, who loved the stories which he told with humour and simplicity, and by her husband he was treated with the affectionate reverence of a son. But he was weary of the life of a gentleman, and sighed for the little smoky cottage and the "poor old wife."

"Just stay one week longer," said the Advocate; "you are not as active a man as when you carried me ten miles through the snow, and frightened the tall ferryman; and I will secure you a passage in one of the trading vessels to Leith."

A few days after Mr. Hamilton, his face beaming with pleasure, and with a packet in his hand, entered the room.

"This is from London," said he, handing the packet to his wife, who had been conversing with the good boatman, "and it tells me that Alexander Wright, Custom House boatman, is to retire from the service on a pension of twenty pounds per annum."

Sandy Wright, grateful and contented, bade farewell to his kind friends, and retired to his native place, where he lived comfortably on his little income, which supplied all his moderate wants. He used to say that he was a sixty-year-old scholar before he knew the meaning of that verse, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

TRINITARIANISM.

THE doctrine of the Trinity is thus defined by Dr. Wallis, "According to the word of God the sacred Trinity of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are so distinguished that the Father is not the Son, or the Holy Ghost, the Son is not the Father or the Holy Ghost, neither is the Holy Ghost the Father, or the Son, but so united and intimately one that they are all one God." And in another place he observes, "It is enough for us if the three may be so distinguished as that the one be not the other. It is probable that the copulative conjunction *if* may be considered by the majority of the orthodox superfluous, as implying a doubt on a subject, of which there can be no question, and it is clear that he himself has none, though like many others he candidly acknowledges that of the nature of the distinction—in what the difference consists, he is entirely ignorant. The mystery is ineffable, in short. It is, as Dr. Wardlaw says, "above reason, but not therefore contrary to it, and to prove it so, is, on this very account, impossible,"—but may it not be affirmed that its consonance with reason, is on the self-same ground incapable of proof and that it must consequently be a mere supposition, a mere conjecture. He however will have it that a distinction of somewhat does exist and is taught in the word of God, and that this therefore is enough, is a sufficient ground for believing it. The three here alluded to are of course God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

But it is an undoubted and indisputable fact, that this species of Trinity in the Godhead, with its kindred doctrines of the "Incarnation and atonement for our sins by the Second Person of the ever-blessed and glorious Trinity," is purely imaginary and quite foreign to the truth of the Bible, the whole scope of which is the undivided Unity of the Omnipotent Creator. The terms, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, are not so much as once to be met with from the beginning to the end of that sacred book, on which the Trinitarian as well as the Unitarian professes to found his faith, and to make its contents the only standard of his belief. The words, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are met with throughout, but the epithet, God, is never,

never by any chance applied to the two latter, nor is the Holy Ghost ever mentioned as a separate person, and although our Saviour does on one occasion say, "I and my Father are one," yet he elsewhere adduces their separate individuality or duality in proof that they are two witnesses to the fact of his Divine mission, or, his being in reality that Messiah whom they looked for (John, 5th c., 37 v.), and he surely therefore could never mean that they were one and the same God.

The distinction between the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is very clear and decided, but such that no one, I should think, could possibly fail to understand it. It is obvious from our Saviour's own express declaration that the Father is the only one entitled to the attribute of Good. That He is his Father and our Father, his God and our God, whom alone we are to worship and to serve. Himself we are only to believe in, as sent by that underived Being. "The first commandment," he tells us, is, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord, and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This," he repeats, "is the first commandment, and the second is like, namely, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself—on these two commandments (there is no mention of belief in the Trinity) hang all the law and the prophets;" and has he not elsewhere added, "This do and thou shalt live."—Luke, 10th c., 28 v. While the Holy Ghost is declared to be a gift of the Father, proceeding from both the Father and the Son, consequently inferior to both; as when the former saith, "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh," (Acts, 2nd c., 17th v.) and the latter says to his disciples, "Behold I send the promise of my Father, but tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high, (Luke, 24th c., 49th v.) which they received, and were filled with, on the day of Pentecost, when they began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance. This inspiration from God was the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, and not a distinct and separate personage.

St. Paul too, whose authority no one, I presume, will dispute, says in express terms that though there are diversities of operations, it is the same God who worketh

all in all (that this God is the Father, I suppose, will be admitted) and what operations then are left for any other God? The terms, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, are beyond cavil unscriptural, and the doctrine of the Trinity is nothing more or less than an imaginary hypothesis, unnecessary to the Almighty's scheme for our redemption, and merely framed to support a system of man's invention. This is a certainty which I cannot but consider as quite enough for us, and sufficient to justify our erasing such an inconceivable dogma from our articles of belief. If our hearts condemn us not then may we have confidence towards God, and we may be fully persuaded, each in his own mind, that He who spared not His own Son but sent him to be the Saviour of the World, would keep nothing unrevealed which can in any way tend to the salvation of his erring children, the objects of such inestimable love. While to suppose a revelation from Him to be shrouded in mystery is in reality to doubt altogether the perfect wisdom of the beneficent Creator. That Revelation and Mystery are inconsistent and mutually destructive of each other as light and darkness, there is no doubt. The latter are those hidden things which pertain to God alone. He not having revealed them in His holy word, and, therefore, to require our belief in a mystery, is to believe what God has not revealed—another gospel, we may say—which we are expressly warned against doing. Our religion, the Christian Religion, is wholly founded on Revelation, the Revelation of Christ, given to him by God Himself, and therefore when mystery begins, our religion being thus grounded must end, and we are left without any. Whatever God enjoins us to do or believe in order to our salvation, we may be sure will be so plainly delivered in His word that all who run may read, that its meaning shall be patent to the meanest capacity, and it is one of the proofs of Christ's mission, that the poor had the gospel preached to them, implying, of course, that they could comprehend and act upon it. Is this the case with the doctrine of the Trinity? Is it not rather acknowledged by its most zealous advocates and supporters to be an incomprehensible mystery, of which it is impious in the extreme even to attempt the solution?

A. J. C.

SALVATION A GIFT.

That man can merit a whole eternity of bliss by doing or thinking a little paltry good in his life, is but one of the numerous fallacies incorporated in the orthodox creed. The teachings of the Bible are made obsequious to unchristian desires. There are some who tell us with great *sang froid*, that if all go to heaven, *they* do not want to go there. With such feelings they must devise a way to consign the major portion of their fellow beings to a place where they themselves do not desire or expect to go.

As the best means they could adopt to bring about this end, they often make the *last moments* of life the basis of each man's doom, for one's *whole life*, according to the creed, has nothing to do with it. It is said that neither good nor evil is rewarded on earth, but that the deserts of each are kept in reserve in another world.

Then it makes no difference how we live, provided we can manage to make the Lord believe that we are sorry a few minutes before death. And this will depend upon the manner of death. Those who are so fortunate as to have warning of its approach may make the necessary *acknowledgements* and be saved. On the other hand, should they die suddenly, then all is lost. They go, "where hope is a stranger, and mercy never comes." Then the eternal happiness or misery of individuals depends, *not* upon their conduct in life, but upon the manner in which the dreaded messenger calls upon them,—upon the fact whether they die on a bed of languishing, or are suddenly killed by a railroad or steamboat accident. Could men be assured that they would come to their end in the former manner, there would be no need of religion at all—when they had done sinning, they could *repent*. The hoary-headed old sinner who had lived a life of wickedness for seventy years, may by this means *be saved*, while the youth of twenty is irrevocably consigned to endless woe, because *he happened* to be on a railroad whose passengers were destroyed by a collision, or by its being thrown off the track. The one receives no punishment at all for his multitudinous deeds of darkness, and the other unending woe for a few sins, and small ones per-

haps at that time But this is called divine Justice.

Those who expect eternal salvation for the little good which they mix up with their sins, must hold their services at an enormous price. They are bringing *tremendous bills* against the Almighty, and he will have to bring into requisition all the means of omnipotence to pay them off. Besides, if they *must have* so great reward for their religious acts here, what will they not expect for an eternity of service in heaven? The Lord will then be *bankrupt*, if he is required to pay at the same rate as now.

"He that for giving a drink of water should expect a plantation," says Dr. Franklin, "would be modest in his demands compared with those who think they deserve Heaven for the little good they do on earth. For my part I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, nor the ambition to desire it."

Such are some of the absurdities of the orthodox creeds, and such as these have often given infidelity the victory over christianity. But there are rational and consistent views upon this subject. These are—That God *doeth* and *will* punish the offender, and there is no escape. His word declares that "He that doeth wrong, shall receive for the wrong which he hath done," and "He will reward every man according to his works." The salvation from sin is a *Gift*. Paul calls it a "Free Gift." He says—"For if through the offence of one, many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the Gift by grace which is by one man Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many."

In respect to Salvation all mankind stand upon a level. *No one* merits it. *No one* has done, or can do any thing to deserve so inestimable a boon. It cannot be earned. But it is a *free gift*, and as God is no respecter of persons, he will not bestow it upon some, and withhold it from others. Upon the grounds of merit *no one* could obtain it. The good that men do, brings them its reward. If salvation could be merited, then might men boast and say, "Pay what thou owest." But when the ransomed world is brought home, then will pæans of praise ascend from every soul, for unmerited favor—and all will acknowledge that it is *unmerited*, and will thank God for the *unspeakable Gift*.

BOYS SHOULD NOT SWEAR.

An ancient prophet says of the young men of his day, that they "weary themselves to commit iniquity." He instances slander and deception. If he lived in the present age he would no doubt add to the list, profanity. How laborious and wearisome a sin is this? At what trouble and pains are multitudes who are continually, every day and hour of their lives, uttering words of blasphemy and profanity! If a necessity were laid upon them to mingle with all their conversation so many useless and irrelevant words, they would no doubt esteem it a severe hardship. Every one who has travelled on the great thoroughfares of our country, or who has had much intercourse with his fellow-men, must have become acquainted with the painful fact, that a large proportion of the millions of our inhabitants are habitually profane swearers. And, alas! our children and youth are not appalled by the dreadful sound, but are rather charmed, and listen to it as if it were the sweetest music. And how soon do they learn to swell the sound by a union of their own profane voices! Its my misfortune to live near a high school, where the pupils evidently learn much besides useful knowledge. It was but yesterday that I asked a son who attends the school whether many of his companions were not swearers. "Yes, sir," he promptly replied, "nearly all the boys in the school swear, and one of the best-looking and best behaved boys in other respects, swears nearly every time he speaks."

And this school is not the darkest portion of the land. It is a place where literary and religious advantages are enjoyed in as great a degree as in almost any other town. Alas! then for the character of our inhabitants in less enlightened portions of the land.

Let every one who reverences God inquire whether he is doing all in his power, by his own example, or by precepts and timely warnings, to check the profanity which everywhere abounds. It is a reproach to us to be informed that some of those nations, which we call heathen, have no profane words in their language. When they swear it is in English. Swearing is one of the unprofitable works of darkness.

THE POCKET BOOK.

FOR OUR CHILDREN.

"TOM JACKSON says he does not believe there is a God; he says he never saw him; and I don't know as I believe—I never saw him," said John Clary, just come in from out doors, and I suppose from the society of Tom Jackson.

"I do," said his mother, and she said nothing more.

A week or more after this, John burst into the kitchen with Tom at his heels. "See, mother," he cried, "what I have found—such a handsome pocket-book!"

"Where did you find it?" asked his mother.

"In Pine Grove; now who do you suppose it belongs to?"

"I reckon it grew there," said his mother.

"Grew there!" exclaimed John, lifting up his eyebrows with great surprise; "a pocket-book grow in the woods! Who ever heard of such a thing? It could not be."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Why not!" replied the boy; "the pocket-book was made on purpose. Look here, [opening it,] here is a place for bank bills, and here is a little out-of-the-way spot with a snug fastening for gold, and a memorandum-book, and a pencil-case, and such a beautiful gold pencil. Look, mother, with a pen and lead both; it was made for a man to use."

"Some contrivance here, certainly," said his mother, putting down her work and taking it into her hands for examination. "It is one of the most useful pocket-books I ever saw; if it did not grow there, perhaps it made itself."

Both boys stared at her more and more.

"Why, mother, you talk foolish," said John, with a puzzled and sober look; there must have been a man with a mind to have made this."

"A man that knew how—a pretty neat workman," added Tom Jackson.

"How do you know? you never saw him," said Mrs. Clary.

"No; but I've seen his work, and that's enough to convince me; I'm just as certain that somebody made it as if I saw him."

"You are," said Mrs. Clary; "how so?"

"Why, mother," said John, very much in earnest, "you see the pocket-book had

to be planned to answer a certain purpose; now it must have had a planner; that's the long long and short of it; and I know it just as well as if I saw it planned and done by the man himself."

"I think so," said his mother. "And it is just as foolish," she continued, with a great deal of meaning in her eye, as she looked into the boy's eyes, "when you see the wonderful contrivance in the beings and things around you, the design with which they are put together, for you to doubt or deny that there is a God who made them. Who planned your eyes to see with, your ears to hear with? Can eyes make themselves? Can a man make a bird? Who created the sun, and planned day and night? Did your mother or your father plan your fingers and make them grow? You never saw who does all these things, but you know perfectly well that a great somebody thought beforehand, designed and contrived the eye, and the ear, and the sun and your fingers—all things and all beings which are around you. And that great somebody is God, the eternal mind and great Maker of us all."

The boys did not expect to be condemned from their own mouths in this way.

"Can you see my mind?" asked Mrs. Clary.

"I can see your body," said Tom Jackson.

"How do you know what my mind is?"

"I can only tell by what you do and say; I can't see it," answered John.

"But do you think I have a mind, a spirit?" asked Mrs. Clary.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the boys, "you show it by your actions."

"Now, as you can see my spirit only as I act it through or with my body, so you can see God, the Great Spirit, only as he shows himself to you by the wonderful things which he has made; but you are just as certain of one as the other."

The haymakers now came into the kitchen and interrupted the talk. The boys went off with thoughtful looks. The next day when John brought in a mess of beans which he had picked from the vines, "Mother," said he, "I shall never say I do not believe there is a God again: the little tendrils of the bean curling round the poles show it. Why do vines have them and not other plants? Somebody planned it, I reckon. And that somebody is God."

HALF-AN-HOUR WITH SPURGEON.

LORD NORTH has said, "Whenever we find a man who enjoys a wide popularity, we may be assured, however bad his reputation may be, that he has some good qualities in an eminent degree." We give Spurgeon's preaching the full benefit of this sentiment, however bad, its reputation, to us, we confess he has some good qualities in an eminent degree. He is

THOROUGHLY IN EARNEST,

and we all ought to value the right down sincere, although sincerity is no test of truth or goodness, as one of his own anecdotes show "Mahomet, an impostor, stood up in the streets to preach. He was hooted; stones were thrown at him. Within a month after he had disciples. A few more years, and he had a host behind him. Not a century had rolled away, before a thousand scimeters flashed from their scabbards at the bidding of the caliphs. His religion over-ran nations like wildfire, and devoured kingdoms. But why? The followers of the prophet were entirely devoted to the cause. When that Moslem of old spurred his horse into the sea, to ride across the straits of Gibraltar, and then reined him up, and said, 'I would cross if God willed it!' there was something in it that told us why his religion was so strong."

Now, if Mahomet and Spurgeon can be so earnest, and do so much for the cause of transient error, how much more so should all who hold the doctrines of everlasting truth and goodness bestir themselves. We cannot doubt but the energy displayed to propagate Atheism, to fasten upon the nations Roman Catholicism, and to force by fear the superstitions of Trinitarianism upon the people, will arouse many good men and true to work more earnestly in the cause of Rational Godliness.

Spurgeon lays down in his discourses

FIRST PRINCIPLES

which in their very nature overthrow the whole of his peculiar theology. He says

"Let us begin, then, at the beginning. The first thing in faith is *knowledge*. A man cannot believe what he does not know. That is a clear, self-evident axiom. If I

have never heard of a thing in all my life, and do not know it, I cannot believe it. And yet there are some persons who have a faith like that of the fuller, who when he was asked what he believed, said, "I believe what the Church believes." "What does the Church believe?" "The Church believes what I believe." "And pray what do you and the Church believe?" "Why we both believe the same thing." Now this man believed nothing, except that the Church was right, but in what he could not tell. In another discourse he says, "That which is inconsistent with the sound judgment of a man cannot be consistent with the word of God." Again, he says, "Ah that doctrine (regeneration by baptism) only needs to be stated to sensible men, and they will at once reject it."..... "Nothing makes a man so virtuous as belief of truth. A lying doctrine will soon beget a lying practice. A man cannot have an erroneous belief without by-and-bye having an erroneous life. I believe the one thing naturally begets the other." We will apply these first principles as we go along.—The beginning of one of his sermons will both delight and astonish our readers. With the alteration of one or two words it is thoroughly

SOUND DOCTRINE

and subversive of his entire theology. This is the passage—

"Many of the sermons of Christ—and what sermons shall compare with them—have not what is now currently called "the gospel" in them at all. Our Saviour did not every time he stood up to preach declare the doctrine of election, or of atonement, or of effectual calling, or of final perseverance. No, he just as frequently spoke upon the duties of human life, and upon those precious fruits of the Spirit which are begotten in us by the grace of God. Mark this word that I have just uttered. You may have started at it at first, but upon diligent reading of the four evangelists, you will find that I am correct in stating that very much of our Saviour's time was occupied in telling the people what they ought to do towards one another; and many of his sermons are not what our precise critics would in these times call sermons full of unction and savour; for certainly they would be far from savory to

the sickly sentimental Christians who do not care about the practical part of religion. This morning I am aware my sermon will not be very unctuous and savory to you that are always wanting the same round of doctrines, but of this I have but little care."

It may be truly said that Christ *never* preached these sickly, savory, sentimental sermons, and Spurgeon almost *ever* preaches them. This is the difference between him and Christ.

Now, let us briefly review the unscriptural and anti-Christian peculiarities of this man's preaching, which is causing so much excitement in the country. Regarding Mr. Spurgeon we would observe there is in him a large vein of humour, but a larger one of

VANITY.

Let the following suffice in proof of this. He lectures preachers who read their discourses, and tells a droll anecdote to make them be laughed at, but he has no objection to them buying his sermons and reading them to their people, as the following quotation will show,—“Another friend mentioned to me an instance of a Clergyman of the Church of England, a Canon of a Cathedral, who frequently preaches the sermons (Spurgeon's) on the Sabbath—whether in the Cathedral or not, I cannot say, but I hope he does.” He has a worse quality still, of great

UNFAIRNESS.

Being a thorough-going Calvinist, and preaches it in all its deformity, he is incessant in his attacks on Arminianism. Arminian gospel he says is, “the shell without the kernel”.....“worthless as all such sermons are”.....“useful nonsense”.....“doctrines of lies”.....“accursed doctrine”...“born as all of us are by nature an Arminian.” The following quotations will show how unfairly he treats the Arminians:—“Let them go and tell poor sinners that if they believe in Jesus they will be damned after all: that Jesus Christ will forgive them, yet the Father send them to hell,.....“if I am to stand after conversion as I did before conversion then it is no use to me to be converted at all.” In such a representation of those who hold Arminian principles he is bearing false witness against his neighbours. Speaking

of the Puseyites he says they are “gentlemen that are fond of a filagree religion, and like ornament and show; gentlemen of the high Beau Brummel school, will very likely prefer this religion because they have cultivated their taste at the expense of their brain....I think I have none here so profoundly stupid as to be Puseyites. I can scarcely believe I have been the means of attracting one person here so utterly devoid of every remnant of brain.” The next quotation we give shows that to his vanity and unfairness there is linked a vast amount of

DOGMATISM.

For if you should object on the ground of feeling or reason to his teaching, you hear him not reasoning with you, according to first principles, but saying, “If you like it not, quarrel with my master, not with me; I do but simply declare his revelation.....my business as I have often said in this place before, is not to prove to you the reasonableness of any truth, nor to defend any truth from its consequence..... quarrel with the Bible not with me.” He ignores first principles now, “That which is inconsistent with the sound judgment of a man cannot be consistent with the word of God.” After that dogmatizing style do all false prophets teach; all impostors, he must know, screen themselves behind such language, saying: they are declaring only God's message. The Bible teaches us to “prove all things;” “try the spirits, for many false prophets are gone out into the world;” “to believe not every spirit.” We do not think Mr. Spurgeon should be exempt from this rational ordeal, for he accepts of the service of brain, judgment, sense, reason, &c., to try others.—Whoever reads Mr. Spurgeon's sermons must be also struck with the awful

PRESUMPTION

and profanity with which he treats many of his topics. He makes a mock at the expression of “using grace,” and says he can understand how mankind “can use grease,” but not how they can use grace. We think it is a very easy thing to understand how mankind can use, or disuse, or disabuse a favour, which is but another word for grace. We could have scarcely expected him to set so lightly by Christ's teaching as to say “His disciples had been

instructed by Christ concerning elementary doctrines, but Jesus did not teach his disciples more than what we should call the A, B, C of religion." This seems very strange, yet it is true, for the doctrines which are called evangelical at the present day were never taught by Jesus Christ. They may say with Spurgeon they were not taught by Jesus Christ but by the Holy Spirit. We do not believe that Christ taught only the A, B, C of religion, for the Scriptures testify to us he is the AUTHOR and FINISHER of our faith, and as it were anticipating that he might be called the mere A, B, C of religion as Spurgeon calls him, the Holy Book declares he is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and last, or what we would say the A and Z, the great Teacher, Lord and Master, and not the mere A, B, C of religion.

We rejoice to have it conceded that there is an evident

DECLINE OF TRINITARIANISM.

He says, "You may enter many of our places of worship, you will certainly hear the name of God mentioned; but except in the benediction you would scarcely know there was a Trinity.....Even religious men have become to a large degree Godless in this age.....My firm conviction is, that in proportion as we have more regard for the sacred Godhead the wondrous Trinity in Unity, shall we see a greater display of God's power." They must have been very Godless in the apostolic age, for we find no record of the Trinity among Christ and his Apostles. There are passages of Scripture which speak of God the Father, as the only true God, but none of God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Three Persons in One God, Triune Deity, Trinity in Unity, in scripture we never find, we have never met with one person who professed to believe it, who knew well what they believed. We express our pleasure in reading this concession of Spurgeon that this unscriptural doctrine now occupies the back ground of the churches. We will work that it may occupy no ground at all among the followers of Jesus Christ.—Many of the statements of Mr. Spurgeon need but to be recited and every right-minded and scripture-informed man will pronounce them

SIMPLY FALSE.

In speaking of prayer he says, "Let me solemnly assure you, in God's most holy name, there never was a prayer answered, for salvation, by God the Creator, since Adam fell, without Jesus Christ the Mediator." Whoever reads the Scripture finds the prayer of both Jews and Gentiles answered, the words of their prayer given, and no mention of or reference to Christ. On the doctrine of divine forgiveness he seems as ignorant as a Hottentot. Here is proof positive in his own words. He says: "If I live eighty years after I receive pardon, doubtless I shall fall into many errors, but the *one* pardon will avail for them as well as for the past." He says, "Rahab was saved purely and *only* through her faith," whereas, St. James says, "she was justified by works." For as the body without the spirit is dead so faith without works is dead also. He will have it that Nebuchadnezzar, the wicked and idolatrous King, in his remark "and the fourth is like the Son of God," recognised the humanity of Jesus Christ. The ablest Trinitarian commentators reject such an interpretation of his words. He says, "Nebuchadnezzar did not say I see three men and an angel," whereas, in fact, he does call the fourth person an angel in verse 28th. "Nebuchadnezzar spake, and said, blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, who hath sent his angel, &c." His printed sermons abound with false and unscriptural assertions.

His

PLAN OF SALVATION

is a most curious compound of Scripture with what we are bound to call something worse than nonsense and folly. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved; thou askest what thou art to believe, why this: that Christ died and rose again; that by his death he did bear the punishment of all believers; and that by his resurrection he did wipe out the faults of all his children.It is blood, blood, blood that saves. It is not blood mixed with the water of our poor works; it is blood, blood, blood, blood, and nothing else."—We think few of his hearers would be wiser or better for such an exposition of the plan of salvation.

Mr. Spurgeon is a firm believer in

CALVINISTIC ELECTION,

and this we all know is a very narrow theory, making hell a roomy place of many inhabitants, and heaven an abode after the fashion of their own little hearts. He says, "Oh! we love the sublime doctrine of eternal, absolute, predestination..... But those who dislike this doctrine are up in arms against us; and they say how can God make such a difference between the members of his family? Suppose a father should have a certain number of children, and he should give to one all his favours and consign the others to misery, should we not say that he was a very unkind and cruel father? I answer, yes. But the cases are not the same. You have not a father to deal with, but a judge. You say all men are God's children; I demand you to prove that. I never read it in my bible."—This is the way he defends his narrow creed. But, thank God, we have read in the bible, in connection with the rebellious wickedness of the Jews, that Moses and Aaron fell upon their faces, and said, O God, the God of the Spirits of all flesh, shall one man sin, and wilt thou be wroth with all the congregation?—Num. 22nd ch., 16 ver. Listen to St. Paul speaking to the non-Christian Greeks, "Certain also of your own poets have said we are also his *offspring*; forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, &c." Paul confirms the poets, so we have Moses, Aaron, and Paul conjointly declaring that God, is the God and Father of the spirits of rebellious Jews and mocking Greeks. Christ addressing the multitude to whom he speaks, not as if they were all elect saints, says, "If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall YOUR FATHER which is in Heaven give good things to them that ask him." The Bible informs us in many passages in these very words, "*God is no respecter of persons.*" The dark, cruel creed of Calvinism blinds the eyes and blights the best affections of the heart.

Mr. Spurgeon sets forth a

PECULIAR ARGUMENT

for the reprobation of a large portion of the human family in his sermon on "Divine Sovereignty." 1st.—He affirms, God has chosen men for salvation, whereas the fallen angels he has broken into shivers. 2nd.—God chose the Israelites to be in-

structed and saved, while all around the nations were left in darkness and were sinking into hell by myriads. Therefore, out of the same congregation, out of the same pew, out of the same family, one will be taken and the other will be left. He calls this rational proof. We object to every step of his argument. The eternal torments of devils, and the everlasting damnation of the heathen are equally unscriptural and absurd. He asserts that God of his sovereign will make this difference amongst living creatures. God makes the choice. Yet he mocks the lost in one of his discourses, saying, "If any of you are damned you will have no one to blame but yourselves; if any of you perish the blame will not lie at God's door." It will be necessary we think often to repeat this statement to his hearers, for every man of any sense will be apt to form a different opinion, who is under Calvinistic teaching. Dr. Mackay must have had preachers like Mr. Spurgeon before his mind when he wrote—

"Around their narrow pale they plod
And scornfully assume,
That all without are cursed of God
And justify the doom."

Well might he say, as he preached on the damnation of sinners, "I startle at myself when I have said it; for it seems too horrible a thought for us to venture to utter—that the gospel of Christ will make hell hotter to some men than it otherwise would have been." Is it possible to speak too strongly against sentiments like the foregoing and following. He says, "The conversion of sinners is only a collateral end of the gospel. The conversion of saints is a true answer. But the proper answer is, it is to glorify God, and God is even glorified in the damnation of sinners;" whereas Christ has said, "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." St. Paul affirms, "Christ came to save sinners." In the hands of Spurgeon the gospel is not "glad tidings of great joy to all people." Not even the terrible alternative of salvation or damnation on a point of time, but a mere enunciation of irrevocable decrees; or, in the words of the venerable John Wesley, a something, in his view of Calvinism, "WHICH MAKES GOD WORSE THAN THE DEVIL."

THE LATE DR. THOMAS DICK.

It is a subject of no small triumph that the most eminent of mankind for philosophy and philanthropy have belonged to the Christian Church. It does not surprise us though, that time reveals, that such men as Newton, and Milton, and Dr. Dick held very opposite views from what is called evangelical religion. There can be no doubt now but Dr. Dick, whose works are read everywhere, and esteemed by all, repudiated the doctrine of *endless misery*, and believed in the final salvation of all souls, as the following letter to Mr. Miles, of Waterton, New York, will show. The Rev. A. C. Thomas also affirms, that Dr. Dick avowed to him, that he was an undoubting believer in the final holiness of all mankind. There is so much truth and goodness, and true Christian philosophy in the following letter, we entreat all to read it carefully:—

You request me to state an opinion "On the final destiny of man." This is a subject of vast importance, and it becomes us to approach it with humility and reverence. In regard to Future Punishment, there are several very strong expressions in Scripture, and whatever opinions we adopt on this point, we ought to be fully persuaded that they are in general correspondence with the tenor of the inspired writings, and with the character of God as therein delineated. The terms *eternal*, *everlasting*, &c., certainly do not of themselves, in most cases, imply duration without end, as many of these objects to which such epithets are applied, are acknowledged to be limited in their duration. At the same time a difficulty occurs, in the consideration, that the duration of the happiness of the righteous and the punishment of the wicked are frequently expressed by the very same terms, as in Matt. xxv. 46, which might lead us at first sight to conclude, that if the one be limited as to duration, so is the other; and there is some difficulty in removing this objection so as to fully satisfy the mind, and to convince others of the consistency of limited duration being intended in the one case, and unlimited duration in the other. We ought, therefore, to be very cautious how we interpret the language of Scripture; and there ought to be a consistency in the opinions we form, and the conclusions at which we arrive on this momentous subject. Whatever may be the truth as to this point, we are sure that "The judge of all the earth *must do right*." When I consider the boundless nature of Eternity, and when I consider the limited duration of man, I can scarcely bring myself to believe that the sins of a few fleeting years are to be punished throughout a duration that has no end, more especially when it is declared, more than a score of times, that "The Mercy of the Lord endureth forever," and that "His tender mercies are over all his works." If his mercy endureth *forever*, it appears scarcely consistent with the idea that punishment will be inflicted without unlimited duration. Many good men have been much perplexed on this subject, although they have said little about it in public. The late John Foster, a celebrated Baptist Minister of England, whose works are so highly esteemed, and who appears to have been a profound thinker, has expressed himself very decisively on this subject, in a long letter which appears in his correspondence, in which he alludes to the case of many ministers of his acquaintances who appear to have imbibed the same sentiments, though they did not make them a prominent subject of discussion. As to myself, I have never said anything against such opinions, though I have formally

supported them, except in private. It has always been my opinion, that the doctrine of Universal Restoration ought to be made an open question among Christians, and that no one should be considered as a heretic, whatever side he takes on such a question; and therefore, I condemn the Evangelical Alliance for excluding from their body those who do not believe in the eternity of punishment, as well as for excluding the Society of Friends, whom I consider as the best practical Christians in our Country.—Some American writers have inferred from different parts of my writings, that they are favourable to the doctrine of Universal Restoration, and I was, some time ago, accused of giving countenance to this opinion, by a respectable clergyman, in consequence of the representations I have given of the state of two different worlds, in Part III. of "The Philosophy of a Future State." As it is considered to be an improvement in modern legislation to inflict upon criminals such punishments as will have a tendency to promise their *reformation*, and not merely that individuals may suffer pain: so I think it is more consistent with the perfections of God to suppose the punishments he inflicts upon the wicked are intended for their ultimate benefit, and to prepare for restoration to the happiness they had lost. The opinion that sin is an *infinite* evil, leads to an absurdity; for it is admitted that some sins are greater, or more atrocious than others.—But, if every sin, even the least, be infinite, then it follows that some sins are more than infinite, which is absurd. And if every sin is infinite, because it is the violation of the command of an Infinite Being, then obedience must be considered as an *infinite* good; but no finite being can perform what may be called an infinite good.

As to Capital Punishment, as inflicted by human governments, I am of opinion that it ought to be universally abolished, although the convicted murderer notwithstanding should be subjected to the severest punishment short of death. Many an innocent person has been capitally punished both for murder and other crimes, and when his innocence was ascertained, he was gone beyond the reach of any recompense being made to him in this world. And, therefore, the subject of Capital Punishment is now beginning to excite the attention of Governments, and the mass of the community. Within these two or three years past, the subject has been brought before the British Parliament, but has met with considerable opposition. It will, however, be brought before Parliament again, this session.

A good deal is doing just now in this country to promote economy in our government expenditure—which is most extravagant—and likewise in endeavouring to counteract war, and to secure the blessing of Universal peace of the nations, particularly in recommending Arbitration instead of War, when disputes between nations occur. Your countryman, Mr. Elihu Burritt, along with another gentleman, a few days ago, delivered some powerful addresses in Dundee on this subject. War is not only inhuman and un-Christian, but an absurdity; for it never decides on what side Justice and Right are to be found, and when millions of money have been spent, and ten thousands of human beings have been slaughtered, every thing returns nearly to the same position as when the parties began. Nations that resort to physical force in order to settle disputes, can be considered as only *half civilized*. I had several other things to state, but my limits will not permit. Wishing you all happiness, both here and hereafter.

I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly.

THOMAS DICK.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS BELIEF.

THE growth of scepticism is, we think, often aided to a very great degree by lax notions as regards our responsibility for belief. Men suffer their faith to be stolen from them without an effort to retain it, in the easy, indolent feeling that belief is involuntary, and that opinions actually entertained, can, therefore, be in no sense blameworthy. But, as Dr. Turnbull shows conclusively in one of his papers, this line of argument proves too much. Our passions are involuntary. Their very name implies this. It denotes our being wrought upon by a force which we cannot control. Our passions are our masters, not we theirs. Let them be strong, it is wholly beyond our power to resist them; they have their will, and do their work, in defiance of principle. Cain could not help being angry with his brother. The fatal blow was a spontaneous, involuntary act. Feeling as he did, to strike was as inevitable as to breathe. Judas was overmastered by his avarice. When the money belonging to the apostolic college was in his hands, they closed upon it, not from cold calculating dishonesty, but involuntarily. And when for the treachery of an hour he could get the wages of two months' honest industry, it was impossible for him to resist the temptation. In fine, the condition of the emotional nature is as little under our immediate control as the condition of our belief is. The same course of reasoning, therefore, which denies our accountability for unbelief and its consequences, would prove us not accountable for our passions and their consequences. The fallacy lies here. We are accountable for our passions and their consequences, because they are modes of self-discipline by which their growth may be prevented or their excess subdued. Cain being virtually a maniac in his anger, could not help killing Abel; but his irascible temper in its earlier stages might have been restrained, and brought under the control of reason and principle. Judas, being intensely avaricious, could not hold betraying his Master; but his avarice was made supreme by a series of frauds and pilferings, the earlier of which were strictly voluntary, and might have been omitted. In like manner, the youth, who hears and reads every specious argument against Christianity, and omits all investigation of its claims and evidences, cannot help being an infidel. But he knew at the outset the unequalled importance of the interests involved in his religious belief. He had it in his power to give serious heed to the Christian side of the argument. He might have cultivated the moral faculties, the virtuous habits, the devotional sentiments, which would have been the most effectual counter. His involuntary unbelief may therefore have been the result of a series of voluntary omissions and compliances. And if so, he may be in the eye of a righteous God guiltily accountable for his unbelief, and for whatever he does or neglects to do in consequence of that unbelief. There is then nothing intrinsically unjust, gratuitously harsh, or inconsistent with the mild and loving character of the Founder of Christianity, in the sentence of condemnation which fell from his lips on "him that believeth not."—*North American Review*.

Little acts of kindness, gentle words, loving smiles—they strew the path of life with flowers, they make the sunshine brighter and the green earth greener; and He who bade us "love one another," looks with favour upon the gentle and kind hearted, and he pronounced the meek blessed!

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

LITTLE LUCY.

BY J. C. DARWIN.

I saw a lovely vernal flower,
Washed by a genial April shower—
It charmed me for a little hour,
Then faded.

I hoped this flower would with me stay,
Nor moulder back to kindred clay;
But saw its colours fade away
In sorrow.

Hope whispered in my ear a word
Which consolation did afford—
It said the flower would be restored
To me again.

I watched and saw the flower again
Rise from beneath the grassy plain,
When spring had broke the cruel reign
Of winter.

I saw a flower of human kind,
Possessed of an unsullied mind,
More bright than all earth's flowers combined
Together.

In rosy health I saw her move—
Her manners gentle as the dove—
And all that saw her could but love
Sweet Lucy.

She was so pleasant and so gay,
So fond of spirit and healthful play,
Her life was, like a summers day,
Unclouded.

But like the flower I saw before,
She hung her head and smiled no more—
She sank beneath the cruel power
Of sickness.

And death, much dreaded tyrant now,
Placed his pale signet on her brow,
And laid her in the grave so low,
To moulder.

I saw her laid beneath the sod,
Beneath the damp and heavy clod;
A weeping train around her stood
In sadness.

But hope, sweet monitor, again
Hasted from out the heavenly plain,
And whispered to that weeping train
Of mourners,

"Weep not for Lucy; she ascends
From earthly to heavenly friends—
From grief to joy that never ends,
In heaven."

And when the last loud herald cries,
She with the saints of God will rise,
To meet her Saviour in the skies,
In heaven.

Then, doating parent, dry your tears,
And live in hope a few short years;
You'll meet her in the happy spheres
Of heaven.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

AN EXCELLENT TRACT.—The late Rev. F. Knowles, of Park-lane, wrote with his last strength an able letter to the Rector of Ashton-le-Willows, in confutation of his slander on Unitarians, who in a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, calls them "God-denying Socinians." It is published at twopence, and may be had of Mr. D. Shaw, North Ashton, Wigan.

KNEELING AT WORK.—A clergyman observing a poor man by the road-side breaking stones with a pick-axe, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark, "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking those stones." The man replied, "Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees."

The prison statistics gathered by Rev. Charles Spear are said to show that the average number of prisoners of the United States is 50,000, and thus 30,000 are discharged annually. In England the average is set down at 30,000 in the prisons, of whom 7,000 are juvenile delinquents. In France the whole number of prisoners is about the same as in the United States, 10,000 of whom are juvenile delinquents many of them acquitted, and yet detained as no one will own them.

A Chicago mother the other night took the advice of one of her neighbours, and instituted a new discipline for her infant daughter, six weeks of age. She had been troublesome in the evening, fretting and crying as children will do, when the mother was told that if she would put it in its crib in the chamber, and pay no attention to it, it would cry itself to sleep, and after one or two repetitions of this experiment, would be quiet in future. She acted on the new plan, and though driven out of the house by the child's cries, suffered it to remain uncared for till the noise ceased, when, on going up stairs stealthily, that she might not awake it, she found her child—dead! The child died in a fit.

There is at present a Christian gentleman in Turkey, who some years ago was a watchmaker in the United States. The great object of his residence in Turkey is, Missionary work in that empire. He believed that modern Christian civilization must in Turkey take the place of miracles as evidences of Christianity; he studied the natural sciences and took over to the Sultan magnetic telegraphs, and miniature railways, and steam engines. When the armies of England and France wanted bread, he constructed steam mills, ground up the wheat and supplied their urgent necessities. Now we learn the Sultan is most favourable to him and his mission. This is the true way to extend civilization. By schools and other means he is doing much good.

PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.—How many hard and bitter things are written against the government of our country now, while, we rejoice to say, no man says the law of our free land shall make these writers afraid. How different fifty years ago. The poet Montgomery was sent to prison because one of his publications contained the following lines, although Montgomery could prove the lines had reference to the War of Austria and Prussia against France.

"Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends;
Most important its issue will be;
For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends,
If she triumphs, the world will be free."

An excellent little Monthly Unitarian Paper, called the "Non-SUBSCRIBER," has just been commenced at Belfast. The price is 1½d.; eight of them can be sent for one penny stamp. One article, alone, by the Rev. H. W. Crosskey, of Glasgow, on the "Strength of Christ's Church," is worth more than double the money charged for the whole paper. All letters to be addressed to the Rev. D. Maginnis, of Belfast.

The following beautiful selection is a specimen of her eloquence of an Indian woman on the grave of her husband and infant:

"The father of life and light has taken from me the apple of my eye and the core of my heart, and laid them in these two graves. I will water the one with my tears and the other with the milk of my breast till I meet them again in that country where the sun never sets."

THINK OF IT.—A Partialist said to a Universalist lately, "There can be no salvation without faith in Christ; and since there are some who have not the requisite faith, there are some who will never be saved."

"Do you believe in infant damnation?" inquired the Universalist.

"Certainly I do not," was the reply.

"Infants do not believe in Christ," said the Universalist "How, then, can they be saved?"

"Oh," resumed the Partialist, "you do not doubt that God has power to bring all infants to a vital faith in Christ, do you?"

"Certainly I do not," replied the Universalist. "And now let me ask you this question,—Do you doubt that God has power to bring all mankind to a vital faith in the Redeemer?"

There was no answer.

NOBILITY OF SOUL.—A lady of the United States had in her employ a faithful slave, a native of Africa. He had lived several years in the family, and had always enjoyed their confidence, and was particularly valued by her deceased husband. Having one day lost a silk handkerchief, for which she had made considerable search, poor Tony was at last suspected of having stolen it. "Tony," said his mistress, "I have lost my new handkerchief!" Tony sympathetically replied, "Me very sorry, mittee, me very sorry you lost your handkercher." The lady pressed the subject no further, until another unavailing search was made, after which the thus accosted him at his work: "Tony, I have not yet found my handkerchief." "Me very sorry, mittee, me very sorry you don't find your handkerchief." "Yes, but, Tony, the handkerchief could not get away itself." "Oh no, mittee!" smiling, "me know handkercher can't walk widout feet." His innocence and the confidence he had so long enjoyed, rendered her inquiries still unintelligible to him. At length, wearied by his apparent evasions, "Tony," said she, with a deliberate accent, "to be plain with you, I think you must have stolen it." He stood mute—I have no words, he thought; I am in a land of strangers. 'Tis by deed alone I can manifest my abhorrence of the crime. An axe lay beside him—he stretched out the hand that had so long faithfully served her, and with one blow severed from it the first joint of the little finger; then holding up his wounded hand to his accuser, "Me strike off *all* my finger, fore me steal your handkercher." Some time afterwards the handkerchief was found behind a drawer of the bureau where it had been accidentally placed by the opening and shutting of the drawer. Poor Tony, however, carried with him to the grave a mark which evinced the savage grandeur—the wild nobility of his soul.

DIAMOND DUST.

Those days are lost, in which we do no good: those worse than lost, in which we do evil.

Nature has sown in man the seeds of knowledge, but they must be cultivated to produce fruit.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.

Be more solicitous about duty than comfort, and then you will find that comfort comes in the way of duty.

Surely he is not a fool that hath unwise thoughts, but he that utters them.

Who is a wise man? He that learns from all.

PRIDE AND PIETY.—Pride and piety cannot exist in the same heart—they are incompatible. If we foster pride, it will destroy our piety; and if we foster piety it will destroy our pride.

INDUSTRY.—An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humours, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

Do not the flowers grow when they drink in the rain-drops? So do virtues flourish when they are watered by tears.

We should fear to think that before God which we are afraid to speak before man; for God knows our heart better than any man knows our face.

We are often tempted to censure where we ought to be forbearing; though the more we ourselves become what we ought to be, the less acute and less gratified we are in making or mentioning the failings of others.

There is no tear so bitter which the soft hand of Divine mercy cannot wipe away. No wound so deep and painful, which the balm of the gospel cannot enter and heal.

Riches are gotten with pain, kept with care, and lost with grief. The cares of riches lie heavier upon a good man than the inconvenience of an honest poverty.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you—for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

Once rich dresses, luxury, extravagant fashions, elegant furniture and costly buildings were considered sinful signs of pride. Now, on the contrary, all these things are deemed necessary accompaniments of virtue, honour and respectability.

THE LAND OF THE LIVING.—Said one to an aged friend, "I had a letter from a distant correspondent, who inquired if you were in the land of the living."—"No, replied the venerable man, "but I am going there. This world is alone the world of shadow, and the eternal is the only one of living realities."

A THOUGHT FOR YOUNG MEN.—No wreck is so shocking to behold as that of a dissolute young man. On the person of a debauchee or inebriate, infamy is written. How nature hangs labels over him to testify her distrust at the example! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame.

If you ever marry, said a Roman consul to his son, let it be a woman who has judgement enough to superintend the getting ready of a meal of victuals, taste enough to dress herself, pride enough to wash before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say."

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindnesses is obliterated.

CHRIST, THE BREAD OF LIFE.

The Saviour says—"I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger." What is more-drawing to the destitute, foodless poor than the gladsome news of bread, without money and without price?—Suppose such a famine as was in Egypt and all the provisions of the land, after the most prudent measures had been taken, is nearly exhausted, pale hunger makes its appearance on all faces, and the wisest know of no relief; at this awful crisis a large fleet from a foreign country arrives with vast quantities of bread as a present to us! How would it draw the people! In what crowds would they rush along the streets; how would every eye and every countenance brighten with gladness. In such a circumstance as this what should we think of a man who should come forward and say, "I am sent by the monarch who has sent you bread, to warn you to apply immediately for his bounty, that you may escape his vengeance?" And what should we think of the people who should spend their time to hear these terrors proclaimed! In such a time of favor and rejoicing, would it be seemly to stop the hungry and tell them they have no right to the free bounty that has arrived unless they really believe in this act of goodness? Would it be thought indispensably necessary to have a creed written, with well studied articles to the number of thirty-nine, for the people all to learn by heart before they should be allowed to taste the bread of life? Would it be treating those who were fainting for want of food according to the benevolent designs of the gracious donor of these ample provisions, to prevent their receiving this unpurchased, unconditional favor by suggesting conditions, terms, and articles of faith to be complied with and believed? Suppose the articles are all made out according to the wisdom of him who urges their necessity, but the people cannot understand them. Some are mysterious, some are in direct opposition to others; one explains them in one way, and another explains them in another way; many profess to believe them because they are told that they cannot obtain favor unless they do. Those who should believe in this case might believe themselves to death, and close their eyes without seeing the salvation which mercy had sent them; others, whose minds should revolt at a creed which contains contradictions, would be turned away as unbelievers, and fare no better than those who believe.

Jesus says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." The unfortunate, who have suffered hunger and thirst in sultry climes, inform us the want of drink is vastly more severe than the want of food. Here, then, the merciful Saviour makes use of a simile which gives the most striking idea of his goodness. Of a number of faint, weary, hungry, and thirsting pilgrims, on burning sands, if one should cry out to his fellows, Here is water! how quickly would it draw them all together.

The prophet Isaiah says, "A man shall be an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as a river of water in a dry place—as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." How very inviting, how attracting, how drawing are the favors here noticed. The beasts of the field and the fowls of the air seek these favors. When storms and winds beat on them, they seek a shelter; when they are thirsty, you find them by the streams; and when a sultry sun is vehement, you find them in the shade. Do you ask what these things mean? Do you inquire how you can obtain so great a favor! The word is nigh thee, even in thy heart and in thy mouth, the words of Christ.

SUNRISE COMES TO-MORROW.

TRUE it is that clouds and mist
Blot the clear, blue weather :
True that lips that once have kis'd
Come no more together.

True that when we would do good,
Evil often follows ;
True that green leaves quit the wood,
Summers lose their swallows.

True that we must live alone,
Dwell with pale dejections ;
True that we must often moan
Over crush'd affections.

True the plaint, but, if more true,
I would not deplore it :
If an Eden fade from view,
Time may yet restore it.

Evil comes and evil goes,
But it moves me never ;
For the Good, the Good, it grows,
Buds and blossoms ever.

Winter still succeeds to spring,
But fresh springs are coming,
Other birds are on the wing,
Other bees are humming.

I have loved with right good will,
Mourned my hopes departed,
Dreamed my golden dream and still
Am not broken-hearted.

Problems are there hard to solve,
And the weak may try them,
May review them and revolve,
While the strong pass by them.

Sages prove that God is not,
But I still adore him,
See the shadow in each spot
That he casts before him.

What if cherish'd creeds must fade—
Faith will never leave us ;
God preserves what God has made,
Nor can Truth deceive us.

Let in light, the holy light ;
Brothers, fear it never ;
Darkness smiles, and wrong grows right.
Let in light forever.

Let in light : when this shall be
Safe and pleasant duty,
Men in common things shall see
Goodness, truth and beauty ;

And, as noble Plato sings—
Hear it, lords and ladies—
We shall love and praise the things
That are down in Hades.

Glad am I, and glad will be,
For my heart rejoices
When sweet looks and lips I see,
When I hear sweet voices.

I will hope, and work, and love,
Singing to the hours,
While the stars are bright above,
And below, the flowers.

Apple-blossoms on the trees,
Gold-cups in the meadows,
Branches waving in the breeze,
On the grass their shadows ;

Blackbirds whistling in the wood,
Cuckoos shouting o'er us,
Clouds, with white or crimson hood,
Pacing right before us :

Who, in such a world as this,
Could not heal his sorrow ?
Welcome this sweet sunset bliss,
Sunrise comes to-morrow.

VOLUME SECOND

OF

The Christian Freeman,

Will be commenced with the January Number of 1858. The following are the terms on which it will be sent to any part of the United Kingdom (POST FREE) One copy, monthly, 2s. 6d. per annum. Four copies, monthly, 6s. per annum. And all above four copies, 1½d. each, (POST FREE). All parcels of *eight copies* will contain *one extra free copy*, and all above eight in the same proportion. Thus a parcel of forty will contain five free copies; a parcel of one hundred, twelve free copies. Parcels of "CHRISTIAN FREEMAN" lost by the post, on information, will be made good without extra expense to the subscribers. Accounts will be rendered half-yearly and may then be settled by postage stamps, or post-office order.

Edited by ROBERT SPEARS, SUNDERLAND,
to whom all Letters are requested to be sent.
Printed by J. WILLIAMS, 129, High Street, Sunderland.